

CUBA'S CAUSE.

President Roosevelt has made a good fight for justice to Cuba and for the fulfillment of our national promise to the sister republic, but he has been beaten by the sordid interests of protection and of beet sugar, aided perhaps by the potent influence of personal and political jealousy.

Cuba will not get justice at this session, but it is the Senate, not the American people, who are to blame. If a direct popular vote could be taken on the question there can be no doubt that the great majority of the people would declare themselves in favor of securing permanent prosperity to Cuba by an equitable and well-guarded reciprocity.

THE SOFT-COAL AGREEMENT.

A very nice question of casuistry and of morals is raised by the proposal to call out the soft-coal miners with the object of helping the strike of the anthracite miners. As the result of a costly strike the soft-coal miners now have a satisfactory contract with their employers—a contract, by the way, against which the employers fought as bitterly as the anthracite operators fight against the recognition of the United Mine Workers' Union—and the question is whether a suspension of work under existing conditions would be a violation of the contract.

It is, as we have said, a very nice question. Such a suspension of work would not be a strike in the strict meaning of the word, and it may be argued that a new condition of affairs has arisen when the bituminous coal miners are employed in mining coal to replace anthracite and to destroy the union to which they belong, but still a contract is a contract.

A fair test of the ethical question involved is to ask whether the miners would consider it a breach of contract if the mine owners should for any reason agree to suspend production.

TWO RAILROADS.

While the rich and prosperous New York Central Railroad is halting and hesitating about improving its tunnel and terminals and discovering all kinds of difficulties and objections, and incidentally paying heavy damages for its incompetence, the Pennsylvania boldly seizes the neglected opportunity, makes a fair bargain with the city, buys the property it needs and takes over its system from New Jersey to Long Island, and an underground station at Seventh avenue and Thirty-third street, to be constructed at once and to be operated by smokeless electricity.

It is about time for the Central to wake up and send one of its sleepy directors over to Philadelphia to find out how they do things in the Pennsylvania Railroad office.

THREE FILIPINOS.

If any of our readers are under the impression that all the Filipinos are merely savages fit for extermination we recommend to them the study of the portraits of three Filipino gentlemen printed in last week's issue of Harper's Weekly. They are the portraits of Ruiz, Purdo de Tavera and Legarda, the three Filipino members of Gov. Taft's Civil Commission.

Finer faces are not to be found anywhere. It is impossible to look at them without accepting them as evidences of manliness, of ability, of character and cultivation. Their originals are not merely intelligent and well bred, but even refined and aristocratic gentlemen—fit to hold a seat in a Presidential Cabinet or on a Board of college trustees or a Prince Henry reception committee.

It is easier to understand the Philippine question when we understand the character of the men who have the solving of it. If there are many men in the Philippine Islands of the same class as those selected by Gov. Taft for the Civil Commission there can be no doubt of the fitness of the islanders for self-government and of our duty to give them their independence at the earliest possible moment.

HEADLESS TAMMANY.

There is a popular impression that the occasion always brings forth the man needed to meet it. Like other popular impressions, this one occasionally proves deceptive, as witness Tammany. The occasion is there, but where is the man? He is not in sight. Nixon evidently was not the man. No man is fit for leadership who takes it very much as a schoolboy takes a prize from the teacher for good conduct.

A leadership of three will not do. Even if the chosen Triumvirs could pull together—which they can't—they could not compel any following for their leadership. The circumstance that they are treated humorously is fatal. In politics ridicule kills.

The occasion in Tammany awaits the man. There is a great opportunity for him—if he exists.

THE SKIRTED SLEUTH'S FOOT.

Three huggers are running loose around the Bronx seizing and embracing unprotected women and otherwise creating consternation in that usually peaceful district. Citizens armed with revolvers are lying in wait for the huggers, and Capt. Price, of the Tremont station, has selected several of his most shapely and beautiful policemen and inserted them into London and Paris gowns and Division street hats and set them afloat on Bronx thoroughfares in the hope that the huggers will be tempted by their irresistible pulchritude to wait up and give them a hug.

The Bronx huggers should be speedily rounded up and summarily punished, but it is not possible to see how skirt-wearing policemen are going to catch them or anybody else. The policeman's foot is proverbially a giv-away, and when a pair of broad-beamed, heavy-soled boots "beneath his petticoat like little gunboats" peep in and out, as if they fear the light, the most fatuous hugger in the land will perceive the difference and waste no hug on that sort of masquerader. Capt. Price's coppers may be beautiful and Venusian and all that, but unless they have folding feet and can climb into at least a No. 9 D woman's shoe they are wasting their time sleuthing around in feminine raiment.

The Old Bay State.—An energetic pastor in Western Massachusetts has discovered that Sunday golf is a violation of the blue laws of the State, and he has hopes of transforming that attractive section into a howling wilderness. Between the tussle with the east and the anti-Sunday-golf discovery in the west, the good old Bay State is having a hard time.

The Funny Side of Life.

JOKES OF OUR OWN

THE LATEST.

That she is strictly up to date
There is no one can dispute
For she has pretty nearly got
A suitless bathing suit.

PLENTY OF OPENINGS.

"Is there any opening for a young
man in New York?"
"I should say so. I fell into the Sub-
way eight times the day I was there."

MARITAL REPARTEE.

"I believe you were born a fool."
"Not quite, my dear. I only acquired
one by marriage."

NATURAL SUGGESTION.

"What, stranger, the bear was a com-
mon after me and my gun missed fire
and my hunting knife broke; so all I
had left was my penknife, and I killed
him with that."

"Every bear hunter tells the same
story. I wonder that you fellows don't
begin the fight with the penknife, since
you've got to come to it sooner or
later."

BORROWED JOKES.

NO CHARGE FOR ADVICE.

Floor Walker—I'm very sorry, madam,
but I can't exchange this hat for you.
Mrs. Smithson—But my husband
doesn't like it.

Floor Walker—Then I'd advise you to
get a divorce.—Syracuse Herald.

"BECAUSE."

Annette—Why did you accept Jack in-
stead of Tom? Jack, you know, has
nothing and Tom has half a million.

Blaise—Well, if you must know, Jack
asked me and Tom didn't.—Chicago
News.

REASON ENOUGH.

Manager—Thompson, you are dis-
charged.
Clerk—But what have I done, sir?
Manager—Nothing, absolutely noth-
ing. That's what I complain about.—
Stray Stories.

IN LUCK.

"Ah," he said to himself after she had
permitted him to hold her in his arms
and take a long, long kiss at the door,
"it's a lucky thing that I've been saving
up to buy a Panama hat. Now that she
has consented to be mine I can take the
money and get an elegant engagement
ring."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SOMEBODIES.

EDWARD VII.—expects to visit Cork
next autumn.

GOULD, KINGDON—George Gould's
fourteen-year-old son, is said to be one
of the best polo players in America.

MORGAN, J. P.—is said to be in bad
health and to need a long rest. He
seems to have overlooked the need of
organizing a Health Trust.

MORSE, PROF.—of Salem, Mass., has
received from the Emperor of Japan the
rarely bestowed decoration of the
Third Order of the Rising Sun.

MILLARD, MISS ANNA—the well-
known missionary, has just returned to
her Milwaukee home after fifteen
years' work in the plague district of
India. Bandits are not named in her
category of adventures.

SALISBURY, LORD—will be the recip-
ient of the highest decoration within
the gift of Japan, in recognition of the
Anglo-Japanese Alliance.

SMITH, CHRISTIAN—of Harper's
Ferry, Md., is the oldest locomotive
engineer in this country. His services
dating back to the days when eight
miles an hour was considered fair
speed.

WILHELMINA, QUEEN—insists on
knowing the contents of every State
paper she signs.

WILHELM, KAISER—has given the
Hohenzollern Museum several hundred
souvenirs of Prince Henry's visit to
the United States.

PRETTY MISS NOBODY.

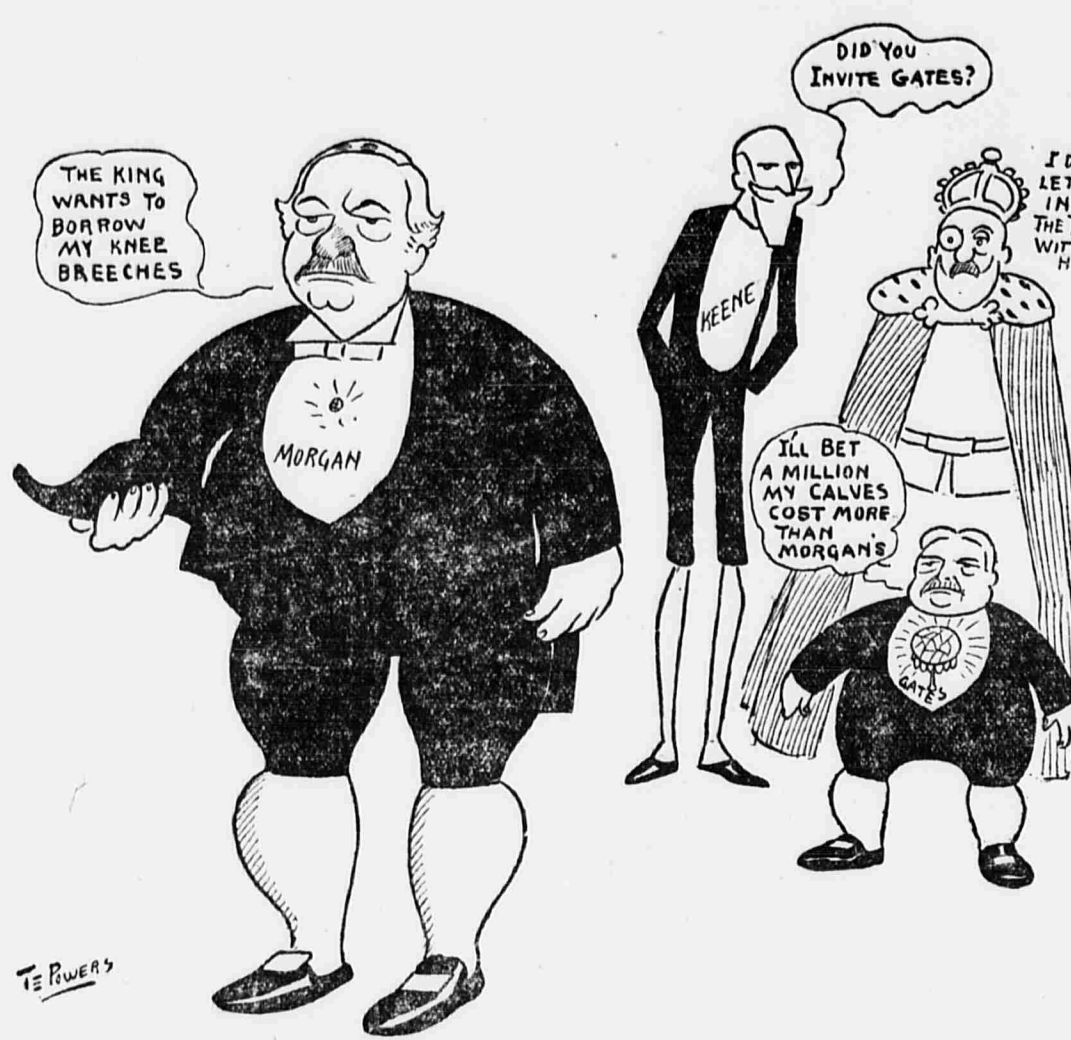
When first my eyes looked into hers,
These words unto myself I said:
"More beautiful was never maid;
She is the girl I fain would wed."

Her eyes were blue as summer skies;
Her lips red-ripe as cherries were;
Her hair a gleaming, golden tint;
Her velvet skin was matchless fair.

When first my eyes looked into hers,
"Tis she," I mused, "whom I
would wed;"
But now, alas, I've changed my
mind,
For there is nothing in her head.

—Ohio State Journal.

MORGAN'S KNEE BREECHES.



Let Father Knickerbocker send his trousers to the hocker;
Let the shapely calves of England's court go hide behind a fence.
For though Morgan's "long" on riches, yet he's grown quite "short" on breeches,
And he makes John Hay's poor "Little Breeches" look like 30 cents.

ADMIRATION.



Uncle—Well, Horace, why do you stare at me so?
Horace—I was just thinkin' what a bully whisker your whiskers would make.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.



Fortune Teller—You are going to have some good news.
Mr. Harlow Philas—What? Has somebody killed my janitor?

HE WONDERED.



George—What did you lend that man money for? He's a perfect stranger, just come over.
Cholly—I know it, my dear fellow. But his manner was so charming. He asked me if I wasn't English!

A HARD LESSON.



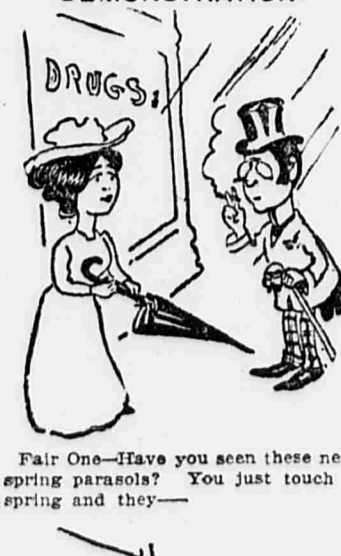
Father, I am going to cooking school. What would you recommend that I learn?
Learn how to keep a cook.

THAT'S WHY.



George—What did you lend that man money for? He's a perfect stranger, just come over.
Cholly—I know it, my dear fellow. But his manner was so charming. He asked me if I wasn't English!

DEMONSTRATION.



Fair One—Have you seen these new spring parasols? You just touch a spring and they—

RUBBING IT IN.



Tonsorial Artist—Have your head sandpapered, sir?

ODDITY CORNER.

UNLUCKY WOMAN.

There is a prejudice in the navy against giving a woman's name to a war vessel of any type. It is believed to be unlucky.

NO PNEUMONIA.

Pneumonia is practically unknown within the Arctic circle, observes Dr. E. W. Kelsey, who has returned to England from a sixteen months' stay in Alaska.

RICH TENTH.

Only 80,351 of the 700,000 British subjects who died last year had anything to leave by will.

AGES OF ANIMALS.

Elephants live 100 years and upward, rhinoceros, 20; camel, 100; lion, 25 to 30; tigers, leopards, jaguars and hyenas (in confinement), about 25; beaver, 50; deer, 20; wolf, 20; fox, 14 to 16; llamas, 15; camels, 25; monkeys and baboons, 16 to 18; hare, 8; squirrel, 7; rabbit, 7; swine, 25; stag, under 50; horse, 30; ass, 30; sheep, under 10; cow, 20; ox, 20; swan, parrots and ravens, 200; eagle, 100; geese, 80; hens and pigeons, 10 to 16; hawks, 30 to 40; crane, 24; blackbirds, 10 to 12; peacock, 20; pelican, 40 to 50; thrush, 8 to 10; wren, 2 to 3; nightingale, 15; blackcap, 15; linnet, 14 to 23; goldfinch, 20 to 24; redbreast, 10 to 12; skylark, 10 to 25; titlark, 5 to 6; chaffinch, 20 to 24; starling, 10 to 12; carp, 20 to 150; pike, 30 to 40; salmon, 16; codfish, 14 to 17; eel, 10; crocodile, 100; tortoise, 100 to 200; whale, estimated, 1,000; queen bees live 4 years, drone 4 months, worker bees 6 months.

INFREQUENT BIRTHDAYS.

The members of the Berlin Society of Leap Year Children—to which none are admissible unless born on Feb. 29—will keep their common birthday in great style in 1904. They have had no opportunity for eight years, and in 1900 the extra February day, according to the rules of the reformed calendar, was omitted. Herr Monteur, the president of the society, is to-day a septuagenarian, but in the seventy years of his life he has had only seventeen birthdays. He hopes to celebrate his eighteenth birthday and seventy-second year of his life in the midst of his colleagues on Feb. 29, 1904.

THE M'INTYRE FLAT.

How They Suddenly Ceased to Care About Their Neighbors.

LAD summer time is the season wherein to get "next" to your neighbors' affairs if you live in a flat, for the simple reason that every window on the block is open and is inhabited.

Across the street from the McIntyres' was a four-story red-stone house. They conjectured that it must be a boarding-house. The second-story front was occupied by two elderly people whom they christened "Pa" and "Ma." They decided that Pa was a retired dry-goods man, who had made enough money to spare him the need of becoming an insurance agent in his declining years. Ma, they were sure, bossed him.

The fourth-floor front was occupied by a worried-looking woman and about nine children. The McIntyres wondered if her husband had neglected to die, and decided in the negative, as otherwise she need not have looked so worried. The third-floor front was the abode of a young man who came home at all hours and had a suit of pale-green pajamas hanging from one post of his bed. It was diverting to note his efforts to pilot himself from the door to the window on nights when he came home from a Sons of Temperance symposium. They christened him George.

The hall room adjoining George's domicile was infested by a shaggy-looking youth, who whistled "Nancy Brown" off-key Sunday afternoons.

In the drawing-room each evening a woman (who evidently occupied a back room—the McIntyres hoped it was the worst in the house) did things to the poor old motherless piano. She had passed the stage of playing on it. She "performed." She was what you would call a "brilliant" performer—if you weren't too busy calling her racket by some less complimentary name.

These and other in the red house claimed the attention of the McIntyres, and they began to grow proud of their Sherlock Holmes instinct in evolving theories as to each of the occupants. They even, at last, reached the point when they fancied they could discern from the boarders' faces whether prunes or rice had formed the chief glory of that day's dinner.

It was pleasant, through the long June evenings, to sit at the open windows of the McIntyre flat and watch the boarders board.

One morning McIntyre was going to the office and he chanced to find himself seated in the "L" just behind the man the McIntyres called "Pa."

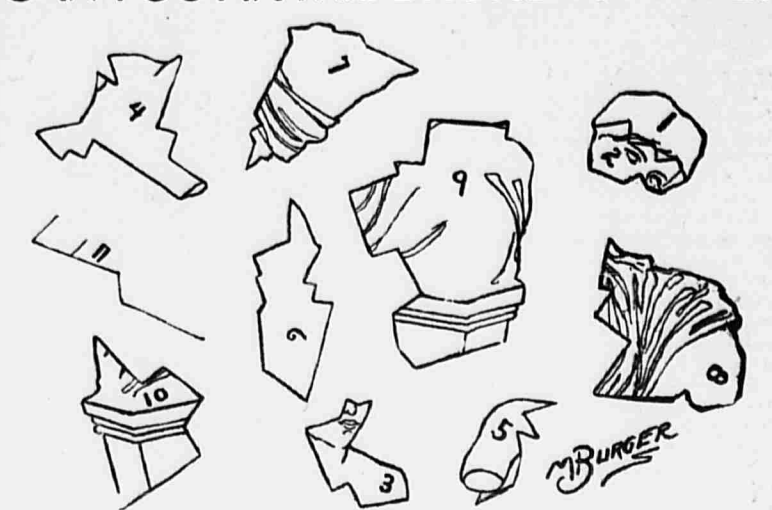
"Pa" was thus addressing an acquaintance:
"Yes, it's pleasant in town this summer than I thought it would be. We get lots of amusement every evening, my family and I, watching a poor, weak-minded man who does nothing but sit at a front window of a flat opposite and stare foolishly at our house. I fancy that the flat is a sanitarium of some sort, and the pretty little woman who lives there is his keeper or nurse. It's side-splitting to watch his stupid, vacant stare as he gazes across at us. It's the typical imbecile cast of countenance."

"Dear," said Mr. McIntyre that evening, "I think, if you don't mind, we'll sit in one of the rear rooms after this in the evening. Those people across the street begin to bore me."

EGG LORE.

A Britisher advertised for an auk's egg. In a few days he received offers of hawk's eggs, merely a matter of Cockneyism. "Teach your grandmother to suck eggs" is as old as the hills, a "fresh" youth giving advice to his elders. "He's a suck-egg dog" means a very contemptible person. "He's a bad egg," ditto. "Don't put all your eggs in one basket" is ancient. Mr. Carnegie revises it. He says, "Put all your eggs in one basket and watch the basket." "From the eggs to the apples" is equivalent to "from A to Z." "From Alpha to Omega." The Romans began their dinner with eggs and ended with truffles.

CAN YOU FIX THIS BROKEN STATUE?



CAN YOU TELL WHAT THIS IS?



Give it up? It is simply a bird's-eye view, taken from the Tourneffe bridge in Paris, of a man who has just jumped from the bridge into the Seine.

And thereby hangs a tale. The Paris Police Department has for some time maintained a pack of Newfoundland dogs which are supposed to rescue persons who fall or throw themselves into the river. The dogs had rescued a number of mannikins—some of which they tore to pieces—but had not been tested with human beings. It occurred to M. Henri Christian, of the Matin newspaper, that possibly the dogs' efficiency was not equal to their reputation.

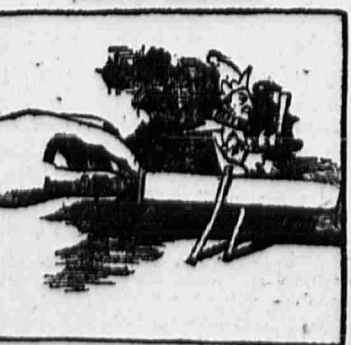
On March 15, in the presence of the dogs and several hundred other spectators, this enterprising young journalist dropped from the bridge, as the picture shows. The famous life-saving dogs resisted all solicitations to save him from a watery grave and he had to be picked up by a boat. The Parisians are not boasting of their canine life-savers as much as they used to do.

TYPICAL OF HIS KIND.



You have probably read considerable about the riotous Russian student. Well this is a typical representative of his kind. He is Stepan Valerianovich Balmashov, of Kieff University, who assassinated M. Stolypin, Minister of the Interior, on April 15 last. Torture failed to wring any confession from him. To every question he replied: "Why ask me? All Russia knows why I shot him." His fate is a mystery. One account says he was hanged May 15; another that the Czar pardoned but banished him to the soviet settlement of Sakhalin, in the Far East. Balmashov is shown in the Russian student uniform—a peaked cap and a long military coat, faced with the color denoting his special branch of study.

RIDING LESSONS.



Split a match at one end and insert into the split the flattened end of a second match, to form an acute angle. Place the two matches on the sharp edge of a knife held horizontally in such a way that the heads of the matches touch the surface of the table. No matter how hard you try to hold the knife steady, to everybody's surprise the matches will begin to move up and down.
To render the experiment more effective crack the matches in the middle to form the legs of a rider, then cut the upper body out of paper and insert it into a split made in one of the matches.

TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it proper for a young man when offering an old gentleman a seat in a car or any public place to lift his hat?

X. Y. Z.

Ammonia for Mashed.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
"Sweet Eighteen" complains of being annoyed by "mashers" and asks for young men to write in defense of such men. If they can. Now, I, as a perfect gentleman, cannot write in defense, but I say that "Sweet Eighteen" did perfectly right. Flirting is most shockingly carried on in all the prominent streets of this city. I would advise "Sweet Eighteen" to procure a water pistol and fill it with ammonia and water. Then carry it about with her

and in case of emergency use it. Don't have the ammonia strong enough to blind. My sister, who is about eighteen years old, finds the above-mentioned weapon efficacious.

F. W. W.

More Fire-Cracker Complaint.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read with interest the two complaints from persons living in the neighborhood of Amsterdam avenue and West Eighty-third street against the nuisance of the small boy with the fire-crackers. I also live near there and can vouch for the truth of the complaints. Also of the ladies aboard the yacht. She was disabled in the Sound. Our mast was smashed by the gale and we were thrown about in the roughest seas I ever want to be in. Launches near by refused to give us aid, but a hero was at hand. Capt. Henry L. Kruse, of the

annoyed the whole neighborhood. For the benefit of hundreds of people cannot a special officer be put there to quell this noise? The small boys surely do not bribe the police. Then why do the latter permit this shameful state of affairs?

GORDON V. GRANGER.

A Rescued Woman's Thanks.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
A letter entitled "A Timely Rescue" told of the rescue from a sloop yacht of a party of four ladies and four gentlemen by the captain of a tug. I was one of the ladies aboard the yacht. She was disabled in the Sound. Our mast was smashed by the gale and we were thrown about in the roughest seas I ever want to be in. Launches near by refused to give us aid, but a hero was at hand. Capt. Henry L. Kruse, of the

tug Nettie L. Tice, was towing an excursion down the Sound. He sent lifeboats out from the barges and had us brought on board the tug, drenched to the skin. Capt. Kruse is one of the heroes of the Hoboken fire. To the captain, his mate and the two men who rowed us to the tug, we owe our lives.

T. V. A.

Soft Coal on the "L."

To the Editor of The Evening World:
This evening I returned home by way of an express train of the Ninth avenue "L." We made very good time, I admit, but one thing on the journey which neither I nor any one else in the train enjoyed was the thick black smoke that came from the locomotive that drew the train. To most of the people in the front cars it was a difficulty to breathe. Now, I do not think it fair to just to the citizens of this city that they are compelled to submit to such treat-

ment as this.

D. W. A.